DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 166 756 CS 502 406

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TITLE The Process of Scriptmaking.
INSTITUTION Colorado Univ., Boulder. Dept. of Theatre and Dance.
PUB DATE [77]
NOTE 44p.; Scriptmaking Training Manual for Colorado Caravan; For related documents, see CS 502 403-406 ; Best copy avalable

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.83 HC-$2.06 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Acting; Adults; *Audiences; Creative Writing; *Drama; *Dramatics; Elementary Secondary Education; Guidelines; Higher Education; *Scripts; *Theater Arts
IDENTIFIERS *Shakespeare (William); *Touring Theaters

ABSTRACT

The last of four related manuals describing the goals and methods of an established developmental theatre project at the University of Colorado, this manual discusses the processes involved in selecting and adapting scripts for specific audiences. The manual suggests ways to cut longer plays for school audiences, methods for organizing parts of plays around a particular theme, and techniques for making exotic or unintelligible plays clearer to young audiences. In addition to listing a number of plays that have been used successfully with adult, junior high, high school, and elementary school audiences, the manual includes a list of selected scenes from Shakespearean plays that develop the theme of the battle of the sexes and provides a script of cuttings from Shakespearean plays on magic and the supernatural. (MAI)

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Scriptmaking Training Manual for COLORADO CARAVAN

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The Process of Scriptmaking

by

Lola Wilcox

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Department of Theatre and Dance, University of Colorado (Developmental Theatre Program)

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Introduction

Developmental Theatre, as we conceive of it, involves the use of theatre for the purpose of facilitating personal and social development. The potential for such facilitation is limited by two major factors: the openness of people to what we have to offer and the nature of theatre itself. Even assuming an enthusiastic desire to take advantage of our offerings, we can make no pretence to be all things to all people. There is some development that we <u>can</u> facilitate. Our experience--a mere four years now at the start of 1976--is limited. There is much exploration yet to be done, much yet to be learned. There is no need, however, for others to start now where we started four years ago. The intention of this series of manuals, therefore, is to describe our goals and our methods at this point of time.

The scope of each of the manuals is limited; it should, nonetheless, be of value. The value will be greater for those who do not turn to it for a definitive statement but for practical guidelines and a theoretical framework which can serve as the background for an experiment. To date, the experiment has been successful and fulfilling. We are no longer seeking to determine whether this concept of developmental theatre is viable. We are still seeking ways to increase and expand its utility. Our effort is developmental in that we are still learning, still trying out new ideas, still

capable of and quite willing to accept mistakes. Those who would like to join in this experiment--in doing what we know is effective but can be made more effective--will be off to a running start if they can benefit from what these manuals have to offer.

The Process of Script Making

The work of the Colorado Caravan began with a search for useable scripts. Three plays for three different age groups were needed; the plays were to be both educational and entertaining. Because the Caravan had originally been conceived to utilize experience and actors from C.U.'s Colorado Shakespeare Festival, it was decided to tour Shakespeare to the Senior Highs and to any adult audiences that requested the group. The original grant proposal suggested a history theme for the Junior Highs. The elementary script merely needed to be suitable for K-6, less than forty minutes but more than thirty minutes long, use six actors and no props, scenery, or special effects. Surely it would not be too difficult to find what was needed.

The Shakespeare Scripts

Using Shakespeare for the Senior High and adult audiences automatically met the double objectives of educational and entertaining. It was obvious that the Caravan's six actors could not tour a full length production, even if it could be supposed the schools and towns would want one. The idea of a synopsis with illustrative scenes was rejected in favor of a series of scenes from several different plays which centered around a theme. This choice proved to be a happy one; a poll of the schools indicated a 100% preference for this format over a cutting of a single play.

Central themes have been varied. Ideas are practically inexhaustible. Themes we have used are: Battle of the Sexes, The Ruler and the Ruled, Rogues and Villains, The Generation Gap, Magic and the Supernatural. The search for a theme can begin with the actors who will be working, their skills, and a list of characters and scenes they have always wanted to play. Possibly a theme has already suggested itself.

Once the theme is chosen, select scenes from the plays that will illustrate or develop that theme. The scenes must be shaved internally; at the very least extraneous characters must be eliminated. We have always left the language alone, being able to work with actors who already can or who can be coerced into speaking and acting Shakespeare meaningfully. A common reaction from the students has been, "What translation do you use?" They are impressed that there is no translation other than to speak properly and with meaning.

The arrangement of the scenes takes a little care. It is possible to weight a program touring to all literature classes or educationally oriented adults with quite heavy materials. A tour to all-school assemblies and family audiences in ranching and mining communities demands scenes that are humorous, riotous, uproarious, at least at the beginning. Once the audience is entertained and interested, it is possible to move along to more serious materials.

Another consideration is how the scenes fit together and what sort of transitional devices are used. The Magic and the Supernatural script is included as an illustration of cohesive piecing, as opposed to "string-of-beads." The witches from Macbeth clearly bridge each section so that the units lead smoothly from one to another, giving a comprehensive shape and framework for the whole program. The list of scenes from the Battle of the Sexes is also included. The latter part of the program was a cutting of the Falstaff scenes from the Merry Wives of Windsor.

The History Scripts

The junior high script has been an area of open experimentation. We were to use a history theme (the educational objective) and make it entertaining. Perhaps if we had not had this restriction we would have toured Shakespeare or Mark Twain or any of a number of things. But we would have chosen light material, humorous, appealing to the crazy sense of humor present in this aged person. Because we needed to use serious material, we moved in a direction which eventually got us somewhere.

The first year we toured a lively, musical, witty series of historical vignettes, dances, and songs taken from American Kalideoscope (see Samuel French). Responses from teachers were enthusiastic: "You were fantastic. Why, you held their attention the entire time!" The sweatdripping, bug-eyed actors felt there must be another avenue of approach. The

second year we admitted to entertainment first, cutting to barebones the melodrama Our American Cousin, and adding a staged shooting of President Lincoln at the moment he was shot while watching the play. It was effective. Teachers wanted more Lincoln; students wanted more melodrama. The third year we held a play contest and selected Don Waddley's The Louisiana Purchase. The author admitted that the Louisiana Purchase was the dullest historical event he could remember learning about in school; the play was broadly done with a laugh-in style treatment, iconoclastically sarcastic, but accurate in regard to historical essentials. It had a mixed reception. It was useful in workshops; the students very much enjoyed acting out whatever segment of history they were studying.

Throughout these years a picture of the junior highs emerged. Junior High is a no man's land; a no man's time; a time and place of Between. Childhood is behind but adult or even teen-hood is far ahead. There no longer is one Teacher to guide the student through the year, but neither are subjects taught in the way they will be in high school and college. Relationships with peers are replacing the parental ties. We discovered that the junior highs are caught in "The Fifteen Years From Now" syndrome. Half of them believe they will be doctors and own two houses and a sailboat, fifteen years from now. These persons have an ultimate faith that technology will solve our problems. Some of them embrace a mechanistic, computerized, all-things-taken-

care-of concept. The other half of them say that in fifteen years we won't be here, life won't be here, the world won't be here, whales won't be here. They believe that they are dying. And they are, quite realistically, dying; they are dying as children and their childhood, their protected, irresponsible world, is passing. This year our script spoke openly to their pain. It is included here, entitled 1776-2076.

There are no attention problems, but the play feels like one-half; it supposes that the workshop is part of it. In the workshops there are many questions. We try to be honest and not give promises. It may well be that technology can save us. What will be the price? It may well be that in fifteen years we will all be dead. What shall we do about that? We believe that this script is in the right direction. Scripts for this age should confront the questions and conflicts being felt in these inbetween persons, and bring those turmoils into the light.

The Children's Script

The Caravan Children's Scripts are all old tales which have been dramatized. The first script, The Magic Lantern, was written in desperation after the reading of literally hundreds of children's plays. To begin with most sources grouped their plays into categories for various ages (K-3, K-6), suggesting that some material would not be entertaining or intelligible for certain age groups. Secondly, there was an assumption that spectacle, noise, talking animals, special

effects, etc. were necessary to entertain or keep attention. It is true that children are entertained by these things. But we had six actors and a van and all extra space went to costumes and suitcases. No room for castles and forests.

We turned to a tale familiar to the director since childhood and greatly loved. Surely if it had worked for him and for countless children before him, it would work for our audiences. And it did work, overwhelmingly, magically, incredibly. It worked because we had turned to an older tradition, the oral tradition, leaving the visual orientation of today's world behind. As the old storytellers and bards knew, the best castle is the castle the listener can make inside his mind. If the script supplies dramatic pictures and the actors can evoke them, the play happens inside the imaginations of the children. The universality of this phenomenon was illustrated to us by one scene in The Magic Lantern. The actress approaches the audience and remarks: "I have come to a lake. I can not see across it. I can not see around it." A boatman comes and takes the actress across the lake (the lake being represented by the children themselves). They travel on a completely imaginary boat. We received thousands of pictures in which the lake was drawn off the edges of the page or encompassed the entire sheet. But not one boat resembled any other and they ranged from battle cruisers to fairy leaves.

There were certain elements of the script which, when repeated in another script, caused the same effects. When

these elements were lacking the play often remained entertaining and educational, but happened in another dimension, a more conversational, everyday dimension.

The first of the elements was Strangeness or a sense of the Exotic. The first play was set in Japan and utilized movement styles from that country's theatres. From the very first moment there were a number of things which cut across the facts of the kids, the gym, the action, the weather. The music is different, eerie, strange, but not unpleasant. The characters moved slowly and not at all like people generally move. And the speech was in an entirely different tempo, or rate of delivery, from ordinary conversation. The children were lifted from their everyday world into the world of Old Japan which was being recreated in their gym.

This is an unfamiliar place and time and therefore demands the utmost concentration and interest. Everything said and done is a clue to the children about what is happening. They must pay strict attention or they will miss something. No props, no set is used. The actors create dramatic pictures and the children imagine them, flesh out the information given. The children do not, often, really notice that the cup or the lake or whatever is not there because, for them, it is there. Their minds have made it and it is extremely tangible. It is exciting to do this, and to concentrate. This is an unfamiliar place and time with strange people in it; but it is not frightening because the children are providing the materials and they don't provide things

which truly scare them. The experience of the play is a pleasant one.

This element of the Exotic is provided by using a different, unfamiliar world. The Japanese world is used in Magic Lantern and One-Inch Fellow. The world of the Native American is used in How Two Swallows Earned His Name, and the world of the Eskimo is used in Eskimo Life. But the exotic is not limited by definition to foreign cultures; for a tale to be exotic it must simply be out of the everyday world of the listener. The Golden Goose is an exotic tale because of the little magic man, because of the peasant world of the family, because very few people any longer cut wood in order to eat. In some parts of our country a story set in a city would be exotic; for many city bred children a story set on a ranch could be exotic. Exotic does not mean foreign--just unfamiliar and out of the ordinary.

The second element, borrowed directly from the oral traditions, is a sparseness of language. This is a literal sparseness in that there are not very many words, but it is sparse also in that each word is chosen for the image. One-Inch Fellow lasts forty minutes but there is only about fifteen minutes of dialogue. This dialogue is interspersed with pantomime, selected and performed in the style suggested by the Peking Opera and Kabuki Theatres. The dialogue for How Two Swallows Earned His Name can be printed on three pages and takes barely ten speaking minutes. But the pantomime journey of the boy, the dances, the ladder of the Spider Woman,

all take time to "picture" clearly.

Because there are so few of them, each word must convey meaning. The style is more expressly poem-like, even haiku like, than discursive or narrative. In dialogue each line must be precise and absolutely clear in meaning. There is a lack of conversational, referring pronouns (I'm going over there with him). There seems, therefore, to be a lot of repetition. Just so. Especially if a major plot shift is happening or an important idea is being offered. Even the dullest child conceptualizes what is happening. Many children are able to reenact the play, including a nearly letter-perfect memory for the words.

Example: There is no wood on our side of the mountain.
I will go to the other side of the mountain.
I will find wood.

The character goes, and nothing more is said until he gets there.

Because the language is repetitive the actors are forced to handle it with care. It forces a different tempo. The keys to each scene must be carefully prepared so that the dramatic picture the child is making will not be cluttered or confused by too much information.

Plots are simple; it is interesting that old tales tend to ebb and flow rather than rise in tension to resulting climax. We have maintained that sense of flow from scene to scene, saving the most dramatic scene for the "climax"; it is seldom the concluding scene. After the dragon is killed

(One-Inch Fellow) the actors discover themselves and decide on a course of action; after Young Boy slays the Swallow he still has his return journey to make; after the Boatman, the girls must still reach their home.

We do not avoid violence when it is part of and necessary to the tale. It is usually a very real violence and experienced as one. Example: "You will kill your friend the Swallow." But no unnecessary violence is added. There is no violence for the sake of violence or spectacle, either in the action or in the language. There is no roughhousing or violent play. There are no violent, hurtful verbal battles between characters.

It is important to realize that watching a play often gives children a new game to play. Knowing they will make the play their own, it should be impossible to approach this theatre audience with indifference. Too often the reaction to this terrible responsibility is to preach a moral. We believe that to preach a moral is antithetical to the way children play. Children never moralize in their games; their games are timeless and open-ended. A moral implies an end, a crisis, a moment of catharsis, a denouement. A moral is a closed system, very unlike the open-endedness of children and their play. It was for this reason that we chose to explore the possibilities of open-ended stories which would invite children to take the story and continue it wherever their fancy took them. They do not run into a solid roadblock, the finality, of a moral.

This is not to say that children's play is amoral. It is certainly not our wish to create an amoral children's theatre. Magic Lantern, Two Swallows, and One-Inch Fellow are stories of love, companionship and filial devotion. Rather than tell a moral, we hoped to create a model. Because we knew that the children would "play" the play, we invited them to explore a model over and over, in as many directions as their imaginations can take them. Hopefully they will make the model part of their everyday reality, for the models the child uses now will become part of him as an adult. We hope his models encourage him to be strong and considerate, wise and loving.

In the elementary shows we experimented with audience participation, letting the children be parts of the set or do sound effects. They were very receptive to this and always understood what was expected and enjoyed providing it. We have tried audience participation with the Senior High and adult audiences and found it is exciting there as well. Contact with the audience is more a director/actor/audience exploration, but should be kept in mind as a play is made. Use the audience whenever possible.

As with so many experiments, we found our limitations to be our strong points. Because we needed to play to audiences K-6 we constructed scripts that were simple in plot with lots of action. We found that the younger children were often able to lead the older ones in understanding and participation while the presence and concentration of the older

ones inspired the little ones to maintain an attention span far beyond their usual. We found that different ages interpreted accordingly. The dragon in One-Inch Fellow is made up of actors. What he looks like or does happens primarily in the heads of the children. The seeds for this experience were built into the script; the whole question of the dragon is left open-ended. A kindergardener has announced flatly, "You made the dragon out of your bodies," and a sixth grader has told us that we were saying "We have met the dragon and he is us."

Adult Audiences

Adults too enjoy the process of "making believe" but place the activity under the label of relaxation. Outside the private world of the adult the processes of makebelieving are largely unacceptable behaviors. "Don't daydream;" "Pay attention;" "Don't talk to imaginary people" are constant refrains in the maturation process. We are taught, and carefully teach ourselves, not to exercise our powers of imagination.

This is not healthy, as many psychological theories today illustrate. Having once possessed the ability to imagine anything at will, adults now go to doctors, clinics, hospitals and therapy groups to learn how to "role-play," to "psychodramatize" situations; to, in short, imagine themselves into better mental health.

In the meantime television and other relaxation activities recognize the adult desire to make believe and the adult incapacity to do it well. Realism pervades the world of entertainment so that even what isn't real is handled as if it were. Adult theatre audiences expect realism of the same sort, and thereby place a limitation on playwright-director-actor; a production must declare itself obviously "make-believe."

We have found that adults unsophisticated in the ways of the theatre are receptive, responsive, exciting audiences--if you can get them to come. We have found that small towns and isolated rural areas deserve adult theatre fare and the best that actor-director-playwright are capable of providing. We have found in the remote areas the same predisposition to attend light entertainment that permeates our culture, and to avoid heavy or educational material. There is a greater receptivity to serious material if it is honest. We have learned that the hearing problems of the elderly must be taken into account in the selection and pacing of the material.

The preceding is not much help. It is meant to be encouraging. It is also meant to conclude this discussion of scripts with a reminder that in this, as in all other aspects of a vital touring theatre, there must be an enthusiasm for experimentation and a willingness to make mistakes.

The Preparation of a Script

For the purpose of illustrating the availability of scripts and the ease with which they can be converted, two paragraphs of the old tale "The Golden Goose" are dramatized below.

"The Golden Goose" is an obvious chioce for this type of theatre because it could not be performed with props, sets, and scenery without a great deal of trouble. What would be supremely difficult to stage realistically becomes quite easy and exciting with the application of the principal of sparsity. Therefore, remember that when a character is at a fireplace, the fireplace is imaginary, and that when a character picks up an axe, that axe is imaginary, and when he fells a tree, the tree is also imaginary and can fall where it wants to--on a child or on the principal.

The Story

> "There was once a man who had three sons. The youngest of them was called Simpleton; he was scorned and despised by the others, and kept in the background. The eldest son was going into the forest to cut wood, and before he started his mother gave him a nice sweet cake and a bottle of wine to take with him, so that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst. In the wood he met a little, old, grey Man, who bade him good-day and said: 'Give me a bit of the cake in your pocket, and let me have a drop of your wine. I am so hungry and thirsty.'
>
> "But the clever son said: ' If I give you my cake and wine, I shan't have enough for myself. Be off with you.'
>
> "He left the little Man standing there, and went on his way. But he had not been long at work, cutting down a tree, before he made a false stroke, and dug the axe into his own arm, and he was obliged to go home

to have it bound up.

"Now, this was no accident; it was brought about by the little grey Man."

The Dramatization

There need to be five actors, but not necessarily male. The father could be a mother, Simpleton could be a girl, the old man could be an old woman. A father and three sons enter the playing area which is merely an empty space among the children. (If Simpleton could become a daughter it would allow a gentle statement on a political theme. If the latter, it is a Prince who must be made to laugh.) The father bends to fix a fire while two of the sons stand near the fireplace.

Father: We are almost out of wood. There is very little wood left for our fire.

Son 1: Out of wood means out of food, for there will be no way to cook our dinner.

Son 2: We shall have to go to the forest and cut some wood. I went last time.

Son 1: Alright. I can take a hint. I'll go. (He picks up the axe.)

Simpleton: I will go.

Son 1: You? You couldn't even find the forest.

Son 2: If you found the forest, you wouldn't find any wood.

Simpleton: That's not true. The forest is over there, and the wood is in the trees of the forest.

Father: You may not go. Your place is here by the fire. Now, Son, don't you go out without your lunch. Here is a sandwich, a piece of cake and a carton of milk. Take them with you so you don't get hungry.

Son 1: Well, thanks. I will go to the forest now so I can get back early.

The Father, Son 2, and Simpleton join the children seated on the floor. Son 1 travels, carrying his lunch and the axe. He finds the forest, finds a tree, indicating to the children its breadth and thickness, and the sharpness of the axe. He is just about to cut the tree, when the little man enters.

Little Man: Good-day. How are you?

Son 1: I'm O.K. Except that I need to cut down this tree for our fire. It is a big tree. It's going to take a long time to cut down. (He cuts away for a few minutes while the little man watches.)

Little Man: I see you have a lunch here. Give me a bite of the sandwich and a drink of the milk.

Son 1: If I give you any I won't have enough for myself.

Little Man: But I am hungry and thirsty.

Son 1: What do I care? Go home and get your own food. (The Little Man wanders away to the edge of the playing space, turns and looks at Son 1. Son 1 cuts his arm. As the children watch this, the Little Man sits down and the Father and Son Two and Simpleton get up. Son 1 returns home.)

The scene is practically repeated for Son 2, and Son 2 cuts his leg, having to drag himself home. Perhaps he is a really mean person, so his punishment is a little more uncomfortable. Then Simpleton asks to go, and is allowed to go since no one else can. Simpleton is given a crust of bread and a bottle of water for lunch, which is readily shared with the Little Man.

Little Man: As you have a good heart and are willing to share, I will give you good luck. Cut down that tree, and you will find something at the roots.

Simpleton: Well, I will cut down the tree for we need it for firewood. If there is something at the bottom of it, that is all for the better. (Simpleton begins to cut down the tree.)

When the tree is almost ready to fall, he signs to the children to make a pathway where it can fall without hurting them. When the pathway is ready, he cuts and the tree falls. But it falls towards the area where the children have bunched together to make room. He runs around and holds the tree while the children move. When the tree has finally reached the ground, he goes back to the roots of it.

Simpleton: Well, there, we got that job done. Let's look and see if the Little Man left us something. Ah. . . . (he bends and picks it up, touching its feathers.) You're a Goose, aren't you. Look at your long neck and your bill and your wide, webbed feet. But who would think you were a Goose, with feathers of gold. What happened to your soft old feathers, I wonder. Or have you always been a Golden Goose. I think I will take you home and show you to my Father.

And Simpleton should take the Goose to the Father who touches it and becomes stuck. They should decide to go to the Doctor to see what can be done about it, and the Doctor too becomes stuck. (The Doctor is Son 1) On the way home they show several of the children the problem and the children too become stuck. The children will understand this because it is like "Follow the Leader" and when they understand it they will play the game. The group should proceed to the King (played by Son 2) and make the princess laugh. The princess can be a girl from the audience or an actress.

This technique can be applied to almost any children's story that has come down to us from another age. We suspect

that any modern story that can not be dramatized in this way will not be remembered in future times.

Shakespeare Scripts

A. Battle of the Sexes

--list of selected scenes

B. The Magic and the Supernatural

--arranged by Laurie O'Brien

Battle of the Sexes

Company: 4 men, 2 women

A. Petruchio-Kate scenes from Taming of the Shrew

Act II-Scene i Kate/Petruchio confrontation
Act IV-Scene v a Public Road
Act V-Scene ii The Wager and Kate's governance speech

B. Quartet from Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III-Scene ii, l. 123-361

C. Portia-Brutus Scene from Julius Caesar

Act II-Scene i

D. Othello-Desdemona from Othello

Act V-Scene ii, The murder scene
l. 1-117

The Magic and the Supernatural

a cutting of Shakespearean scenes

by Laurie O'Brien

Three witches enter, (A, B, and C)

A: When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lighting, or in rain?

B: When the hurlyburly's done.
When the battle's lost and won.

C: That will be ere the set of sun.

A: Where the place?

B: Upon the heath.

A: I come, Graymalkin!

B: Paddock calls.

C: Anon!

All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Prospero: Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted dove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the stong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let'em forth
By my so potent art.

Puck: Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,

Puck: In the churchway paths to glide;
And we faries, that do run
By the triple Hecate'd team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic.

Oberon: (noticing him) My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou
rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck: I remember.

Ober: That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Cupid, all arm'd. A certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
in maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little Western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I show'd thee once.
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck: I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. (Exit)

Ober: Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she, waking, looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

Puck enter

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck: Ay, there it is.

Ober: I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Scene II-Enter Titania

Queen: Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of minute, hence--
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with reremice for their leathren wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamourous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.
Then to your office, and let me rest.

1 Fairy: You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
(Chorus)
Philomele, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

2 Fairy: Hence, away! Now all is well.
One aloof stand sentine!

Enter Oberon

Ober: What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce or cat or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Bottom: Are we all met?

Quince: Pat, pat; and here's a marvail's convenient place for our rehearsal.
This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake
Our tiring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Puck: What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince: Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bottom: ----Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet----

Quince: Odorous! Odorous!

Bottom: ----Odours savours sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awile.
And by and by I will to thee appear. (Exit)

This: Must I speak now?

Quince: Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This: Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As pure as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quince: "Ninus' Tomb." man! Why, you must not speak that yet. That you answer to Pyramus.
You speak all your part at once, cues and all.
Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is "never tire."

This: O--As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

(Enter Robin and Pyramus with an ass head)

Pyr: If I were fair, Thisby. I were only thine.

Quince: O monstrous! O Strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters!
Fly masters! Help!

Puck: I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
(Exit)

Bottom: Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. (Sings)

The woosel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The trostle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill--

Tita: What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom: Me thinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleek, upon occasion.

Tita: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom: Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita: Out of this wood do not desire to go.
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate,
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.

Tita: I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge the mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!
Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Come wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

Pros: What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

Ariel: What would my potent master? Here I am.

Pros: Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this place.
Bestow upon the eves of these young people
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ariel: Presently?

Pros: Ay, with a twink.

Ariel: Before you can say 'Come' and 'Go',
And breathe twice and cry, 'So, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros: Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari: What shall I do? Say what! What shall I do?

Pros: Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape.

(To self, introducing Caliban--)

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Caliban: As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen

Cal: Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er.

Pros: For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stiches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
than bees that made 'em.

(Turns)

(Enter Stephano and Trinculo)

Stephano: Tell not me! When the butt is out, we will drink
water; not a drop before. Therefore
Bear up and board 'em! Servant monster, drink to me.

Trin: Servant monster? The folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle:
We are three of them. If th' other two be
brained like us, the state totters.

Ste: Drink servant monster, when I bid thee:
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin: Where should they be set else? He were a brave
monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

Ste: Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good mooncalf.

Cal: How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin: Thou liest, most ignorant monster! I am in case
to justle a constable.
Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a
fish and half a monster?

Cal: Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?
Bite him to death I prithee!

Ste: Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head.
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not
suffer indignity.

enter Ariel -- invisible

Cal: I thank my noble lord.
As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the island.

Ari: Thou liest

Cal: Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee.
I do not lie.

Ste: Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

Trin: Why, I said nothing.

Ste: Mum then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal: I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him--for I know thou dar'st
Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste: How now shall this be compass'd?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal: Yea, yea, my lord! I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari: Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal: What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show
him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste: Trinculo, run into no further danger.
Interrupt the monster one word further and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
and make a stockfish of thee.

Trin: Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther
off.

Ste: Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari: Thou liest.

Ste: Do I so? Take thou that! (strikes Trinculo)
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin: I did not give thee the lie. Out o' your wits,
and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle!
This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal: Ha, ha, ha!

Ste: Now forward with your tale. --Prithee stand further off. Proceed.

Cal: Why as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wesand with thy knife.

Ste: Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen, save our Graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.
Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin: Excellent.

Ste: Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal: Within this half hour will he be asleep.
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste: Ay, on mine honour.

Ari: This will I tell my master.

Cal: Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but whi[illegible]re?

Ste: At thy request monster, I will do reason, any reason.
Some on Trinculo, let us sing.

Ste: Flout 'em and scout 'em
Trin: And scout 'em and Flout 'em.
Thought is free.

Cal: That's not the tune. . .

(Ariel plays)

Trin: This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.

Ste: If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness.
If thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin: O, forgive me my sins!

Ste: He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal: Art thou afeard?

Ste: No, monster, not I.

Cal: Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises.
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste: This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal: When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste: That shall be by and by. I remember the story.

Trin: The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste: Lead monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer! He lays it on.

Pros: This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari: I go, I go. (exit)

Pros: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick! on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

(Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.)

Come, hang them on this line.

(Prospero and Ariel remain invisible) Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo awaken

Cal: Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall. We now are near his call.

Ste: Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than play'd
the Jack with us.

Cal: Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?
This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Trin: O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal: Let it alone, thou fool! it is but trash.

Ste: Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll
have that gown!

Trin: Do, do! We steal by line and level, an't like
your Grace.
Monster, come put some lime upon your fingers,
and away with the rest!

Cal: I will have none on't. We shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on Caliban, Stephano, Trinculo, driven out.]

Pros: Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted made them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour lie at my
mercy all mine enemies.

(turning to them)

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

[Three awaken]

Trin: All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Exuent

Ariel: If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended--
That you have but slumb'red here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
Gentles, do not reprehend.

Exit

Act

Thunder enter two witches A and B

A: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

B: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

A: Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.

(C joining)

B: Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelt'red venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

A: Fillet of fenny snake, in the poison'd entrails throw.
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing;
For a charm of pow'rful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

B: Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

(to other two)

C: O, well done! I comment your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in

Bar: Who's there?

Fra: Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.

Bar: Long live the King!

Fra: Barnardo?

Bar: He.

Fra: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar: 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fra: For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar: Have you had quiet guard?

Fra: Not a mouse stirring.

Bar: Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fra: I think I hear them; Stand ho, who is there?

(Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus)

Hor: Friends to this ground.

Mar: And liegemen to the Dane.

Fra: Give you good night.

Mar: O, farewell, honest soldier,
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fra: Barnardo hath my place; Give you good night. (exit)

Mar: Holla, Barnardo!

Bar: Say, What, is Horatio there?

Hor: A piece of him.

Bar: Welcome, Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Hor: What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Bar: I have seen nothing.

Mar: Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bar: Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor: Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

Bar: Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one--
Enter Ghost

Mar: Peace, break thee off, look, where it comes, my lord.

Bar: In that same figure like the king that's dead.

Hor: Look, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell.
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisits thus the glimpsed of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

Hamlet: So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet

Hor: It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar: Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground.
But do not go with it!

Hor: Do not, my lord!

Ham: Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor: What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other, horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fadoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham: It waves me still.
Go on. I'll follow thee.

Mar: You shall not go, my lord.

Ham: Hold off your hands!

Hor: Be rul'd. You shall not go.

Ham: My fate cries out
And make each petty artire in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve

Ghost beckons

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me
I say, away!--Go on. I'll follow thee.

Ham: Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

Ghost: Mark me.

Ham: I will.

Ghost: My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham: Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost: Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham: What?

Ghost I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and Purg'd away.
But this eternal balzon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love--

Ham: O God!

Ghost: Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.

Ham: Murther?

Ghost: Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham: Hast me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweept to my revenge.

Ghost: I find thee apt;
Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham: O' my prophetic soul!
My uncle?

Ghost: Ay, that incestuos, that adulterate beast,

Ghost: --won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there,,,

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did mine;
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
And If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me. (exit)

Ham: O all you host of heaven! Hold, hold, my heart!
Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
Now to my word:
It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me.'
I have sworn't.

Pros: Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Enter Clarence and Keeper

Keeper: Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence: O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

Clarence: I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days--
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keeper: What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clarence: Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower
And was embarked to cross to Burgandy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Strück me (that thought to stay him) overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methoughts I was a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatt'red in the bottom of the sea:
Some say in dead men's skulls, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(as 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatt'red by.

Keeper: Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clarence: Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopped in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keeper: Awaked you not in this sore agony?

Clarence: No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
O, then, began the tempest to my soul!
I passed (methought) the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who spake aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished. Then came wand'ring by

Clarence: A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come--false, fleeting, perjured
Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him unto torment!'
With that (methought) a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that with the very noise
I, trembling, waked, and for a reason after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such a terrible impression made my dream.

Keeper: No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid (methinks) to hear you tell it.

Clarence: Ah, keeper, keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my soul)
For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep pray'rs cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile.
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keeper: I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest!

All: The wierd sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine.
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! The charm's wound up.

C: (To audience)
You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I fore told you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.